

ahem.



Chaz

 **cvillette**

<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>


2007-11-14 12:57:00



MOOD: 😊 bouncy

MUSIC: Ani DiFranco - Studying Stones

 **trollcatz** (<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>), climbing tonight?

Also, if  **Ometotchtli** (<https://Ometotchtli.livejournal.com/>) is game, movie night Friday?

And to answer the question on everyone's lips, yes, assuming I'm in Virginia, Amarilis and I are going out again on Saturday.

Don't wait up.

*This is how it works
You're young until you're not
You love until you don't
You try until you can't.
You laugh until you cry
You cry until you laugh
And everyone must breathe*

Until their dying breath.



[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

29 comments



 trollcatz

November 14 2007, 18:00:24 UTC

COLLAPSE

YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAYYYYYYYYYYYY!!!!!!!!!

Heeeeheehee.

(And what does it mean when he quotes Regina Spektor in this context? Hmmmm.)

(Yes, still talking about you in 3rd person in your own LJ.)



 cvillette

November 14 2007, 18:07:10 UTC

COLLAPSE

It means I am aware of the futility of existence.

Also, the song reminds me of you. Ecto girl.



 trollcatz

November 14 2007, 18:13:48 UTC

COLLAPSE

Oh, I would never drive a hearse through a screaming crowd.

That was an ambulance. *g*



 [cvillette](#)

[November 14 2007, 18:31:23 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

technicalities.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 14 2007, 19:02:38 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I would send you a Happy Rhodes song as partial recompense for suffering inflicted...but I'm not sure that reinforcing your fatalist streak is recompense.

Also, is it flamingly neurotypical of me to point out that I, for one, do not generally come home from a successful date thinking, "This, too, shall pass?"



 [cvillette](#)

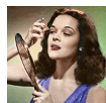
[November 14 2007, 19:04:13 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

We are guardedly optimistic.

How's that?

Also, holy shit. She can *tango.*

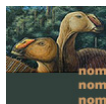
...I can't. But I think I have to learn.



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 14 2007, 19:33:43 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Maybe she can teach you. *waggles eyebrows*



 [cvillette](#)

[November 14 2007, 19:39:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That's the plan.

Also, I'm supposed to make her dinner. She doesn't believe I can cook.

How come nobody ever believes I can cook?



 [trollcatz](#)


[November 14 2007, 19:48:45 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Because to those in the know, it looks like you don't eat.

Also, you are a boy in your mid-twenties. The profile suggests you can't make instant mashed potatoes.

Whereas I, in fact, really can't make instant mashed potatoes. Profiles can be wrong.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 14 2007, 19:51:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Which leads me to the next sticky question.

Third date = breaking the problematic information about the metabolism. Probably beforehand, in a not-too-melodramatic email or something.

Oh, by the way, something you should know....

Where to start?



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 14 2007, 20:54:27 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

(Oh, that was supposed to be "those NOT in the know," but you prob'ly figgered that.)

E-mail, or you'll stammer and pause fraught-ly, and it'll sound like a bigger deal than it is.

Because, seriously, it's not a big deal. You burn a fuckload of calories, is all, and you get a most excellent return on the investment. What side effects that has down the line, not you nor nobody else can say for sure. You don't have to explain a restricted diet or a need to give yourself subcutaneous injections before eating, which, when you think about it, are easier to explain only because they're pretty common.

So just tell her. "Oh, by the way, I have this accelerated metabolism. Which means I eat over 5000 calories a day. Keep in mind you can *always* order dessert if I'm around, even if you only want a bite. Also, I can be bribed with food to do almost anything."

See? It's not a bug. It's a feature.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 14 2007, 20:57:38 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You are the best harpy in the whole wide world.

You know, people with cystic fibrosis burn calories like mad, too.

It could be worse.




 [trollcatz](#)

[November 14 2007, 21:20:38 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, now *there's* a hateful disease.

Not that there are a lot of cuddly diseases or anything.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 14 2007, 21:32:33 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Seriously.

I knew a girl in high school who was dying of it.

I feel like I should check, but. I think I would rather not know.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 14 2007, 22:16:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hmm. Nah, I wouldn't be too concerned with that one. If you had it, and it wasn't diagnosed, you'd be already croaked, more'n likely.

(As the expression goes, when Billy the Kid was my age, he'd been dead for twelve years...)



 [cvillette](#)

[November 14 2007, 22:19:03 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

No, I mean, check on her. They got me on that one already. And diabetes, too.

She had this dog. Great Dane cross, weighed as much as I do.

Really cool dog. I wonder what happened to her.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 15 2007, 01:07:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh. Yeah, I get that. Yeah.

But I have to point out:

Dude, there are basenjis that weigh more than you do.




 [cvillette](#)

[November 15 2007, 01:09:44 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

UNFAIR! I weigh more than *most* german shepherds.

Dammit, I hope that dog didn't end up in rescue.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 14 2007, 19:34:38 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

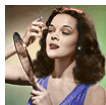
OMG, tango. Sex on the dance floor. It ain't decent.



 [cvillette](#)

[November 14 2007, 19:37:44 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

She had me at Ole!



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 14 2007, 20:57:04 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

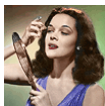
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 [cvillette](#)

[November 14 2007, 21:00:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

8>



 [Ometotchtli](#)

[November 14 2007, 21:11:26 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Bird nose! (Coyote nose is =8> . Need the ears.)



 [cvillette](#)

[November 14 2007, 19:06:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I thought Sol was the neurotypical one?

Of course, the fact that I am looking around at myself and seven other people and thinking, one of us must have decent brain chemicals, probably says something.

Oh, Falkner. She's probably sane.



 [trollcatz](#)

[November 14 2007, 19:46:13 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, I wasn't claiming to NT--just admitting it was a thoroughly NT observation.

And are we talking brain chemistry, or behavioral stuff? 'Cause I think Mom's chemistry's sane...

L

[cvillette](#)[November 14 2007, 19:53:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Mom's chemistry has got to be pretty good. She puts up with Dad.

Sol's chemistry has got to be insanely solid. Because he is not a shivering mass of PTSD. He's freaking bulletproof. It's nearly a pathology unto itself.

Lau's so reserved, who could tell if she was nuts?

We're all a bit eccentric, though. Comes with the job.

L

[trollcatz](#)[November 14 2007, 21:06:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Well, we *think* Duke should be made of PTSD. But since he denies having done anything or been anywhere, how can we be sure?

L

[cvillette](#)[November 14 2007, 21:23:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I've read his books.

[trollcatz](#)[November 14 2007, 18:05:28 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, right--climbing! Yes! Climbing! (Hello, brain, good to see you again, nice to have you back...)

[\[locked\] Dream Journal](#)

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[Elvis doesn't live here anymore.](#)

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